

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. 1.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY JUNE 20, 1812.

[NO. 7.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

(Continued.)

But when she became a mother herself—when she beheld her child looking up to her for example, for support, for name and respectability—then, and not till then, did she feel the full sense of her error; what then was all the pomp of transient splendor, to the secret sorrow of the heart, the anguish of self-upbraiding! The father of her children blushed to acknowledge them to the world—he blushed to proclaim himself a seducer; and though he detested the woman to whom he was lawfully united, he respected the claims of her children, and considered every favour bestowed on his illegitimate offspring as an abridgment of their rights; such is the powerful force of custom—the sentiment may be unworthy in some particulars, but in a moral sense it is certainly right and beneficial to the laws of civilized society.

Lord Donnellon was not a man of depraved disposition; the latitude allowed to men of condition in this country, made him consider an affair of gallantry as a feather in his cap; if women would be complying, he thought he had a right to try their complaisance to the utmost, and while he rested his hopes of success merely on his own powers of persuasion, he thought himself fully justified in the eyes of all reasonable people—which, with him, were *all people of fashion*. Yet his feelings towards Margaret were of a more lively nature than those which generally actuated him in his intrigues; he loved and esteemed her, and, at the time when his affection was at the height, would certainly have married her, had his destiny been so accommodating, as to have released him from his first earthly tie; but a return to the gay world gradually obliterated these impressions; he grew cold and negligent, delayed making any provision for the two children which Margaret had brought him, and soon, very soon, began to consider them an irksome incumbrance. Margaret saw this, and her heart sunk within her—her halcyon days were passed, remorse and anxiety preyed upon her cheek; when she turned to her innocent injured babes, every lisping accent of fondness seemed a reproach to her: such must ever be the feelings of a guilty mother. She recollects that her folly had broken the heart of her parent, that she had brought disgrace on the name of a respectable man, and sacrificed every bright prospect in life, for empty show and misplaced affection—bitter were these reflections—no longer scenes of gaiety amused her: her nights were robbed of repose, and corrosive opiates were at once the support and destruction of nature.

Lord Donnellon was at length prevailed on to think of some establishment for young Lui- cius, and the mother's heart experienced a fresh pang, at his being destined to the navy;

she shuddered at the hardships and dangers to which he must be exposed, and with the darling of her hopes all her dreams of happiness vanished for ever. The affectionate attentions of the amiable Harriet soothed her awhile to tranquillity, and she often blest heaven that her child was not handsome, that she might escape the snare of seduction: year after year her constitution seemed gradually breaking. Anticipation and recollection form all the pleasures and all the miseries of life: we regard the present but as it reminds us of the past, or bids us look forward to the future. With poor Margaret, alas! certain mortification must attend either; recollection pictured the comforts and happiness she might have enjoyed—the present was a scene of shame and disappointment, and the future promised little but cheerless uncertainty.

The struggles of a wounded spirit were at length at an end. The trifling sum periodically allowed by Lord Donnellon—for he had taken a new favourite and long since deserted Margaret—was an insufficient maintenance, and the gloomy horrors of approaching poverty terminated her career of misery. On the bed of sickness—not the casual sufferings of the corporeal frame, but the sickening anguish of the soul—Mrs. Montague called her child to her, and thus addressed her, “My Harriet, the idle vanities of this world are now ceasing to interest me; there was a time when I would have suffered any torture rather than tell my child that she had no right to the name she bore; that she was the illegitimate offspring of guilt and shame.”—Harriet started; she grasped her mother's hand with convulsive energy; her lips moved, but extreme anguish rendered the sounds inarticulate. Mrs. Montague fixed her languid eyes upon her, she read all the feelings of her susceptible soul, and her own throbbed with unutterable pangs, as she inflicted this wound on the sensibility of her sweet girl; she then imparted to her all the particulars that have been already related, she hung Lord Donnellon's portrait round her neck; and after devoting a few moments to the tears she could not repress, proceeded thus—“In witnessing this scene, my child, you have an important lesson; never suffer it to be erased from your mind; recollect, in every situation of life, that virtue, however humbly habited, will render every object pleasurable; the gaieties of the world, though they may deceive the superficial observer, conceals many corroding thorns; and splendour, without innocence, is but the idle mockery of a dream. I feel the most salutary consolation in the idea that your person is not likely ever to become an object of temptation to the licentious; in the resources of a well-furnished mind, you will find constant incentives to virtue; your dear brother may, perhaps live to be your friend—you have no other. He, who should be your protector, has other claims, other engagements; you have been well educated, and I trust your own abilities will keep you from indigence: but remember my parting injunction, never apply for re-

lief, whatever distress may assail you, to that cruel woman who has been, in great measure, the cause of my misfortunes; she has been married, I find, to a Frenchman, and now resides in London, where they keep a hair-dresser's shop. Should she, through motives of curiosity, search you out, reject her proffered favours; I know the disposition of Caroline too well to be deceived, a child of mine can never be regarded by her with affection. Agreeably to the wishes of your father, his name shall never pass these lips; you have his portrait, Harriet, it is an accurate resemblance of features, which once were, by me, thought expressive of every amiable sentiment: should you ever meet him, you cannot fail to recognize parent, but preserve an independent dign' mind, and seek him not.” This was the last serious conversation they had together; Mrs. Montague expired the next day, leaving poor Harriet inconsolable for her loss.

Harriet had besides another secret, which she resolutely persisted in keeping from her friend; it was a hopeless passion, to which she inadvertently yielded herself a victim; yet, though Harriet had not the power to avoid loving an object, every way worthy of esteem, she had sufficient strength of mind to keep her weakness a secret, even from her most intimate associate; and she had too much good sense to consider it any breach of friendship, that she did not disclose sentiments which reason forbade her to encourage. The object of her attachment was a stranger to it, and it was her firm intention that he should ever remain so. Yet she exerted the native energies of her mind, and yielded not herself a prey to despondency; but knowing that she was not criminal in act or idea, she determined, to the best of her abilities, to secure herself a genteel maintenance, and requested her friend, through the influence of Lady Clerville, to obtain for her a situation in a respectable boarding school, or as private governess in a gentleman's family. Cornelia read her letter with great emotion, and deeply regretted that it was not in her power to offer her beloved friend such an asylum as she could, consistently with her desire of independence, accept; she wrote her immediately a most affectionate answer, and assured her that Lady Clerville would most readily exert herself in her favour.

A trifling adventure which occurred soon after this, though apparently unimportant in itself, was attended with consequences of a most serious nature. Returning one day, after a ramble of about two miles, which Cornelia had been taking, attended only by a servant, she was met in a narrow lane by an unruly horse, who had thrown his rider, and was running furiously down the narrow path. Cornelia, seeing her danger, hastily endeavoured to climb the bank at the side, but in her trepidation, not observing sufficient caution, the slight fence on the top gave way, and she fell into a shallow ditch on the other side. Stephen soon released her, but her dress was so much soiled, that it was impossible for her to return to *Bersa* with-

out a conveyance; and she accordingly dispatched the servant to the city for a chair, having observed a cottage at a small distance, where she told him she would wait his return. —Stephen immediately hastened forward, while Cornelia repaired to the humble habitation, to beg the favour of temporary accommodation. She found the inhabitants of the cottage in a great bustle, occasioned by the birth of a fine boy, the mother of whom was distinguished from the cottagers by a superiority of manner, which struck Cornelia the moment she beheld her. Cornelia made an apology for her unseasonable intrusion; to which the mistress of the cottage very civilly replied, that she was extremely welcome to whatever assistance they could afford her, and that, as Madame Julianna was so much better than could have been expected, there was no occasion for her to retire. Cornelia, encouraged by this, took the seat offered her, caressed the infant, and inquired of the good dame whether it was related to her. Mrs. Howell hesitated, but soon recollecting herself, said, "Why, truly, madam, I cannot say that he is; his mother is a foreigner. Poor soul! she has had her troubles, but, thank God, she is now restored to her senses, and will, I hope live to see justice done to her child."—"Does she then labour under any particular difficulties?" asked Cornelia. "Why, indeed, madam," replied Mrs. Howell in an under voice, "I have my apprehensions; and though I believe she is lawfully married, I fear all is not right; but she is moving, and I would not have her know that I have dropped any hints."—"I feel much interested on her account," said Cornelia; she appears young and beautiful, and if she is friendless in a strange country, it may not be deemed impertinent in me to offer my services in any way that may be conducive to her benefit; perhaps you will allow me to call again, and inquire how she is."—"Certainly, madam," replied the simple openhearted woman; "it will be doing us an honour; for though the poor thing cannot speak English well enough to be understood, she can make out a few phrases, and seems very grateful for any kindness. Perhaps you understand Italian?"—I do not," replied Cornelia, "but I may, nevertheless, have power to serve her, therefore I will take the liberty of calling again; in the mean time, if any pecuniary aid is necessary, it is at your service."

Mrs. Howell thanked her with many expressions of gratitude, but declined accepting of any for the present. Stephen just then arriving with a chair, Cornelia stepped up to the fair emigré, and kindly taking her hand, pressed it with an expression of kindness, which seemed to give her pleasure, and departed with an assurance that she would call the next day. When she reached Lady Clerville, she related what had passed, and was rallied by Lady Virginia on her pretty romantic adventure; and they amused themselves with a variety of conjectures on the subject.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BIOGRAPHY OF PETRARCH.

Concluded.

THIS poet joined to talents the most rare, the most estimable qualities. He was a faithful friend, and in the midst of the artifices of a Court, of the highest honour and probity. He neither aspired after nor despised riches

Passionately devoted to glory, he did not seek it with that rashness which characterizes folly, and which, in the acquisitions, submits to the lowest degradation. Although devoted to love, the frailties of which had given birth to a son and daughter, he was nevertheless penetrated with the great principle of religion. He scrupulously observed its discipline, he fasted three times a week, and rose regularly at midnight to pay the tribute of adoration to the Supreme Being. By nature choleric and ardent, he uttered his sentiments with too little circumspection, respecting the pontiffs of his time: But when he wrote to them personally, intreating their return to Rome, he assumed the most flattering moving accents. It is thus he made the capital of the Christian world address Pope Benedict XII. whose absence she deplores. "O thou who extendest thy empire over all the world, who beholdest all nations prostrate at thy feet, regard, with an eye of compassion, a miserable wretch, who embraces the knees of her father, of her master and of her spouse. Were I at the beautiful period of my youth, when the greatest princes reverenced my presence, it would be unnecessary for me to announce my name. But now, disfigured by chagrin, old age and poverty, I am obliged to declare who I am. I am that Rome so famous throughout the universe. Behold in me some traits of my former beauty. After all, it is less age that consumes me than regret for your absence. It is but a few years since all the world acknowledged my laws, and it was the presence of my holy spouse which procured me that glory. Now, reduced to a state of sad widowhood, I am exposed to tyranny and insult—Ah! Holy Father, can you regard my wretched cry, with a tranquil eye: will you not extend an assisting hand! Oh! that I could show you my hills shaken to their foundations, disclose my bosom covered with wounds, make you see my temples in ruins, my altars forsaken, my priests reduced to misery!"—It is this same allegorical style which he again employed when he was sent ambassador with Rienzi to pope Clement VI. to engage this pontiff to return to Rome. But Petrarch could only succeed in manifesting to the pope new proofs of his eloquence and talents. This *Bel esprit* passed at that period and with great propriety as the restorer of letters, and the Father of pure Italian poetry. He was at extreme pains to discover and preserve the manuscripts of ancient authors. His Italian verses exhibit a vast number of traits similar to the finest passages, of ancient writers; they possess at the same time the strength of antiquity and the bloom of modern times. His Sonnets and Canzonets are esteemed as his *chef-d'œuvres* of Italy. Voltaire, however, in a letter to the author of the *Literary Gazette* remarks, "that there is not one which approaches the beauty of sentiment so profusely scattered through the writings of Racine and Quinout. "I dare affirm," he adds, "that we have in our language a prodigious number of songs by far more delicate and ingenious than those of Petrarch, we are so rich indeed in them, as hardly to make a merit of them." Freron the younger, judges less severely than Voltaire. "When we reflect that Petrarch wrote at the commencement of the 14th century, and without any model in his language, we are astonished at the performance of his native genius. He not only created Italian poetry, but carried it to such high perfection, that succeeding poets have not been able to surpass him, at least in

the colouring of style and grace of expression I do not mean that Petrarch does not retain some traces of the barbarity of his age. He is to be reproached with cold allegories, puerile play on words, and outrageous metaphors. He is sometimes ingenuous and refined, where simplicity and nature ought to prevail, and frequently substitutes spirit for sentiment. But these trifling spots are effaced by the nobleness and charms of his language, by the boldness of the turns, the sweetness and harmony of his verses, the novelty of his ideas and images. Petrarch united in himself the threefold enthusiasm, of virtue, love and poetry. He has given to tenderness a character of grandeur and dignity. The ancients have portrayed love as a weakness; the lover of Laura has represented it as a pure homage rendered rather to virtue than to beauty. His passion is noble, heroic; it elevates instead of rendering the soul effeminate. In his verses the Graces are always decent: he has given them a fourth sister, Modesty. What Plato conceived, Petrarch has felt and expressed. He has realized the brilliant chimeras diffused by the disciples of Socrates concerning the nature and effects of love. Rousseau, in his *Nouvelle Héloïse*, who so well knew how to paint the sentiment, has paid the finest eulogium to Petrarch, by imitating him. More than once the lover of *Julia* has expressed himself like the lover of Laura; and the Echoes of the borders of the Lake have repeated what the Nymphs of Vaucluse inspired." More than twenty five authors have written the Life of Petrarch, whose various pretensions to merit have been effaced by the splendid Memoirs of *Abbé de Sade*, published in 1764, in 3 vols. 4to. They prove the profound researches of this learned man, who has exposed the errors which even Italian commentators have fallen into respecting Petrarch. He has detailed the several circumstances of his life with the greatest exactness. In exalting the qualities of his hero he has no forgotten his vices nor his faults, his excessive passion for *Laura*, the libertinage of his youth his fanaticism for Rome, his enthusiasm for *Reinze*, in short, his bitterness in dispute, an and caustic humour.

VARIETY.

OBSERVATIONS AND HINTS.

An elegant young woman, long accustomed to a train of coxcombs, will expect similar attentions from her husband, and feel her mind mortified when she finds herself treated as a mere woman. From the frivolity of her mind, she is not possessed of that modest dignity so essential to command the esteem of her partner;—hence bickerings, jealousies, and often mutual infidelity, terminated by separation.

Good sense is as much superior to levity of wit, as the light of the sun is to the momentary glare of a meteor; and an accomplished female mind is infinitely more estimable in the eyes of reflecting men, than those exhibitions of feminine charms obtruded on our fancy by fashion. Such beautiful creatures as glide along the streets, decorated in showy apparel, may amuse the passenger; but would he wish to see his wife in the loose attire of a woman of the town?—Then let us discountenance this violation of public decency, and endeavour to persuade the fair sex, that modesty and purity of manners are true ornaments that render their beauty at once amiable and estimable.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF SUPERSTITION.

(From Sacrafane's Voyage in Greece.)

WITHOUT doubt, my dear A——, you are persuaded that women of the tenderest sensibility are always the most superstitious. In admiring Sappho who precipitated herself into the sea—and Celia, who swam across the Tiber, you imagine that we can never again meet with women of their character. Well, learn what a young girl of Zante has performed; who, if she had lived among the Greeks or Romans, would have been capable of yet greater things.

Helen Mataranga, aged 20 years, lately witnessed the decease of a young man of her village; whom she had loved. She was to have married him; but her parents, from interested motives, had compelled her to marry another. The night after his interment, Helen saw the phantom of her lover, standing in silence at the foot of her bed; it appeared to her on the second and third nights immediately following. She at first imagined that her lover's soul was in purgatory, and that it came to demand relief of her: in consequence of which she caused two masses to be said, distributed bread and money to the poor, and sent an offering of a fat sheep to the convent of Panagia. The spectre continued not the less its regular appearance; on the contrary, it afterwards appeared as she began to sleep. How then was she to be delivered? Superstition furnished the means, and here they are—

One night, when her husband was at a neighbouring village, she rises, takes with her a hammer and nails, goes barefooted to the burying-ground, takes the body of her lover out of the earth; and, notwithstanding the fetid odour, and the corruption it exhales, she embraced it repeatedly, bathed it with her tears, and then drove four large nails through the feet and hands. Having thus fastened it to the earth, she returned home, passed the remainder of the night in tranquility; and from that time the spectre discontinued its visits.

What an unheard of mixture of courage, superstition, and love! Picture to yourself this young girl, in the middle of the night, terrified at the sight of a phantom; behold her leaving her home, approaching the tomb of her lover—feeling round it—recognizing it—uncovering it—suffering the almost insupportable odour—embracing it—outraging it! What agitated feelings! what chilling perspiration! How much the fear of being surprised must perturb her soul, and freeze her senses. Yet this woman, whose sensibility, in ancient times would have been celebrated on the theatres of Greece, was on the point of being punished with the utmost severity.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1812.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

We have nothing consolatory to offer to our readers this week; War, distress, or famine, seem to reign over or threaten the whole globe: Humanity shudders at the prospect, and it becomes our painful duty to devote a portion of our columns to a compressed report of the dreary detail. Our feelings for the distresses of foreign countries are nearly absorbed by the melancholy prospect afforded to our own.

Congress have not, as far as we have learned, yet

decided on the measures to be pursued in respect to our existing differences with England. The Senate was sitting with closed doors on Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock. The best informed persons, out of Congress, rely on the adoption of some decisive measure; and even the friends of peace no longer hope that war is avoidable. The late correspondence between the British minister and Mr. Munro augurs nothing favorable to a settlement without an appeal to arms. These letters relate principally to the late declaration of the Prince Regent of England respecting the Orders in Council—complaint on the part of Britain that several British subjects are detained, and some of them against their will, on board the national vessels of the United States, and deny the agency of England in fomenting the Indians to hostility against this country. Mr. Munro's replies are clear and dignified. Referring to the correspondence, the National Intelligencer observes, "They present no change in the actual posture of our affairs with Great-Britain; and afford a most hopeless prospect of any thing to be expected from that quarter."

The apprehensions of an attack by the hostile Indians on the people or armies of the U. States grows stronger, and is so confidently expected, that the inhabitants on the frontiers are pretty generally removing to places of greater security. Their force is reported to be very considerable.

The British dispatch vessel the Mackarel has sailed, from this port for England, with the British messenger Mr. Ruff.

By an arrival at Boston from Gottenburgh, it is again reported, that war has been actually declared by Russia against France: this report, to which we do not attach implicit confidence, gains much belief from the monstrous and unparalleled preparations for war by France and Russia—These powers are extremely active in their endeavours to influence the conduct of Turkey. The most prevailing opinions are that war will take place between France, Austria, Denmark and the Rhinian confederation on the one side; and England, Russia, and Sweden on the other. The armies to be brought into the field will amount to, or exceed 1,000,000 of soldiers—Turkey it is believed will make a favourable peace with Russia; and it is even hoped she will coalesce with her against France. A plot has been discovered at St. Petersburg, the object of which was to murder the emperor and his brother Constantine; and to place the empress dowager on the throne: 200 noblemen are implicated, most of whom had resided at Paris, and are said to have received large sums from the French emperor. A person has been shot at Paris, for betraying certain state papers to the Russian government.

From Portugal or Spain nothing of a decisive nature has transpired since the taking of Badajoz. The British and Spaniards are daily assuming more of an offensive attitude: some slight engagements took place in the beginning of April, in which the French were worsted; and, in their retreat, are reported to have committed great enormities on the inhabitants, who were starving. Twelve French prisoners were shot at Algesiras in retaliation for the same number of Spaniards who suffered a similar fate at Malaga. Firing had ceased for several days against Cadiz, but the French were erecting a new battery nearer the city, from whence was inferred that the bombardment would re-commence. Lord Wellington seemed disposed to turn his attention more to the North, to meet some movements on the part of the French armies.

It is said the British government have acceded to a proposal of Bonaparte for the supplying England and France with grain from Prussia; and that the vessels engaged in the trade should be permitted to carry the produce of France and England, in a limited manner to and from these countries respectively.

The most prominent late event in England, at least that which has excited the most sensation, is the assassination of Mr. Percival, the British Prime Minister, while passing through the lobby of the house of commons. The assassin, John Bellingham, lately a ship-broker, of Liverpool, came forward, avowed the act, and attempted to justify it. His conduct was so unaccountable and his language so incoherent, as to induce a belief that he acted under the influence of a deranged mind. The populace, on hearing the event, seemed inclined to abet or rescue the prisoner, who was, however, conveyed to prison, without further trouble. A disposition to riot continued and seemed to gain ground in several parts of the kingdom, and to obtain regular organization. Mr. Percival has left a large, and it is said, a poor family, for whom it was expected the parliament would make a liberal provision.

The British schooner Whitney is reported to have

sailed from England about May the 1st, with dispatches for the British minister at Washington.

There have been considerable commotions at Paris, notwithstanding the activity of the police. 20,000 malcontents assembled in one place, and, on the following morning an inscription appeared on the gates of the Tuilleries; "Bread, peace, or the tyrant's head."

The French squadrons and ships, notwithstanding all the professions of the French government, continue to take, burn, or sink, such American vessels as they fall in with, and the British capture American vessels as usual, agreeable to their Orders in Council.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"KELLAN's" communication is received. He shall be attended to as requested, the next week; having no room in the present number. "PHILOS" will also have a place: but to our old Trenton friend we can only return him our thanks for his communication.... We think it too local to amuse any but the amiable fair one to whom it is addressed.

Nuptials.

"Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradise below."

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Thomas A. Cooper, comedian, to Miss Mary Fairlie, daughter of James Fairlie, esq. of this city.

On Wednesday morning, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. George Dummer, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Osborn.

On Sunday afternoon, by the rev. Mr. Heart, Mr. Ebenezer Young, to Miss Amelia Rogers, daughter of Obediah Rogers, esq. all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Wyatt, Mr. Homer Whittemore, to Miss Maria Blackwell.

Obituary.

"Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread our empire, and to quench the stars:
The Sun himself by thy permission shines;
And one day thou shalt pluck him from his sphere."

DIED.

On Thursday morning, suddenly, in the 43d year of his age, Mr. GEORGE BARRON, an eminent teacher of mathematics in this city. In this sublime and useful science Mr. Barron certainly stood pre-eminent—and it is but justice to the deceased to say, that his enlarged understanding was happily equalled by his success in communicating the result of the most abstruse researches. The theoretical scholar will long quote Barron as a precedent, and the grateful Seaman, who learned from him to traverse the trackless ocean, will speak his praises on the most distant shores.

On Wednesday the 17th inst. capt. Obed Bunker, in the 37th year of his age.

On Saturday morning last, after a short illness, much regretted, Mr. John M'Farland.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Catharine Liver, widow, aged 56 years.

At East-Chester, Benjamin Drake, esq. in the 78th year of his age.

In this city, Henry Richards, son of capt. Henry Richards, aged 13 years.

On Saturday last, after a short illness, Andrew Sinclair, son of Hector Sinclair, of this city, aged 13.

On Tuesday last Mrs. Drummond, the wife of a clergyman, with her child; Ann Shields, a young woman of 14, and a black woman, were all drowned in the cabin of Jones' ferry boat in the Kills, coming from Staten-Island to this city. Those not in the cabin were saved.

At Geneva, (N. Y.) the 18th ult. Dr. John Henry, an eminent physician of that place.

The city inspector reports the death of 43 persons from the 6th day of June to the 13th of June, 1812.

Seat of the Muses.

"The man that hath not music in himself,
And is not mov'd by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils—"

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

HOME.

IN lands or wealth we're poor 'tis true,
But we're content and murmur not,
Without *false* pride our wants are few,
For peace and joy surround our cot:

Love's cheering smile,
Our cares beguile.

Our comfort thro' life's varying day,
A frugal plenty crowns our board,
Tho' not with luxury's viands stor'd,
To fright our health away.

True we're oblig'd to earn our bread,
What then, it eats the sweeter far,
And sweet's the sleep by labour shed,
When night has clos'd our cottage bar:

When cold it blows,
Or hard it snows,

We cheerful round our little fire,
At eve peruse the pleasant page,
Penn'd by the traveller or sage;
And oft the muse admire.

How truly those may pitied be,
Who rich, immers'd in wealth and care;
Rest and retirement ever flee,
No time to read or think they spare.

In visits gay,
They pass away

Their lives, and still abroad they roam,
They seek for pleasure far and near;
But pleasure flees them as in fear,
True pleasure dwells at home.

We strive to form our childrens' minds,
To shun ambition's wealth and show;
To seek the peace industry finds,
At home the seat of bliss below.

May they still know

The joys that flow,
From calm reflection wisdom's child,
To flee *false* pleasures mazy wile,
To prize affection's beaming smile,
Home's cheerful inmate mild.

M. A. W.

MARY DUNCAN.

The following beautiful lines, are selected from a Scotch publication—On the body of a female named MARY DUNCAN, more generally known by the appellation of the "Canary," who was found dead in a field.

Red rose the moon o'er the wide world of waters,
The storm whistl'd shrill thro' each billow beat cave;
Loud shrieked the Mermaids, old Ocean's fair daughters,
As far, far at sea they were toss'd on the wave:

The tempest was raging when poor wandering MARY
The once gay, contented, sweet warbling *Canary*,
Now friendless, alone, broken hearted, and weary,
Sat down on a weed cover'd rock by the shore.

Her pale cheeks were wet by the spray of the ocean,
The dew drops of sorrow fell fast from her eyes,
Her wo-laden bosom heav'd high with emotion,
And the swift passing gale was increas'd by her sighs;

"Oh! where, where," cried she, "is my fond loving
Mother?"

"Oh! where is my Father and dear little brother?
They're gone! and to them is now added another—
"My WILLIAM, my dearest, alas! thou'rt no more!"

"O that I could lie with thee under the billow,
"Then thou wouldst thro' death's latest slumbers, be
mine!"

"Thou'dst sleep in my arms, with this breast for thy
pillow,

"And my bones would rest sweetly when mingled with
thine."

"The mourner from friendship some comfort may borrow;
"But where is the friend who will banish my sorrow?
"Oh! yes, there is one, and long ere to-morrow,
"Poor MARY will meet with her WILLIAM again."

She lean'd back her head, and the sea-foam flew over
her,
The Angel of Death hover'd, smiling on high,
The vision of life floated dimly before her,
And her dear WILLIAM's name swell'd her last parting
sighs.

Now green grows the grass o'er the grave of poor
MARY,
And hush'd are the notes of the once sweet *Canary*;
The gay sporting zephyr, so wanton and airy,
Oft plays o'er the spot where the Wanderer lies.

Morality.

"There is another and a better world."

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

"Gennadius, a physician, a man of eminence in piety and charity, had in his youth some doubts of the reality of another life. He saw one night in a dream a young man of a celestial figure, who bade him follow him. The apparition led him into a magnificent city, in which his ears were charmed by melodious musick, which far exceeded the most enchanting harmony that he had ever heard. To the inquiry from whence proceeded those ravishing sounds, his conductor answered, that they were the hymns of the blessed in heaven, and disappeared. Gennadius awoke, and the impression of the dream was dissipated by the transactions of the day. The following night, the same young man appeared, and asked whether he recollects him?—The melodious songs which I heard last night, answered Gennadius, are now brought again to my memory—Did you hear them, said the aspiration, dreaming or awake?—heard them in a dream.—True, replies the young man, and our present conversation is a dream; but where is your body, while I am speaking to you?—In my chamber. But know you not that your eyes are shut, and that you cannot see?—My eyes, indeed, are shut.—How then can you see? Gennadius could make no answer. In your dream, the eyes of your body are closed and useless; but you have others, with which you see me. Thus, after death, although the eyes of your flesh are deprived of sense and motion, you will remain alive, and capable of sight and of hearing by means of your spiritual part. Cease then to entertain a doubt of the great truth of another life after death!—By this occurrence, Gennadius affirms that he became a sincere believer in a future state.

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

On viewing some artificial representations of nature.

Truth and reality is my delight,
Whether it be in nature, words, or deeds.
In truth is confidence.—It never fails;
It never will deceive nor disappoint;
Nor tattle, nor betray; nor ever act
The hypocrite;—nor tread the theatre;
Nor novels write to viciate our youth,
For God is truth—as scripture testifies,
And he's its author. But the source of arts
Deceptive, vain, and useless;—and the source
Of calumny, dishonesty, deceit—
Hypocrisy, and every evil way,
Comes from the adversary of truth and man,
That noted liar, wearing virtue's garb.
His children, victims of his cunning wiles,

Grow proud and vain, and let their loves attach
Too much to mental, and to sensual joys,
Forgetting their dependance on Jehovah;
Thinking that they are something of themselves,
They're flattered, and delighted with the works
Proceeding from their viciated tastes,
And vainly think the works of art exceed
The beauteous works of God in natural things.
What art can truly nature imitate?
And that which does so most is most admired.
Yet busy man, expends his precious time,
His labor, and his wealth, to feed his pride,
That should be starved to death;—inventing things
Unnecessary, useless, vain, unwise:
Ev'n images of wax, of wood, and stone,
Fruits artificial, and embroider'd flowers;
Which are but shadows of what nature is.
But self, not God or nature, they adore,
And love it and its fruits, supremely much:
Shadows they grasp, and feed upon the wind.

All their politeness or civility
Flows not from real love, which is the fount
Of peace, sincerity, and social good;
But springs from self, and counterfeits pure love.
It is the picture of politeness, it is base coin:
Its image, or resemblance, which deceives.—
'Tis affectation:—artificial flowers:
External ornaments to decorate
Foul hearts, where virtue's slaughter'd and intomb'd.

SCRUTINIZER.

Anecdotes.

In a mixed company, a gentleman thought proper to make some remarks to the lady next to him (who happened to be drinking toast and water) as to induce the affronted damsel to take out the toast and throw it in his face. He very coolly took it up and threw it in the face of the person on the other side of him, desiring that Miss ——s, *toast might go round.*

A Sailor went into a barber's shop to have his beard taken off. The barber happened to have but one razor, and that, for want of proper intimacy with the hone and strap, was rather dull. The sailor took his seat, and the barber began to execute his office, and at every scrape (which gave the sailor extreme pain) he would cry, "Do I shave easy, sir?" The sailor bore the scratching with a good deal of patience for some time; however, the barber taking him by the nose, and, as after several severe scrapes, which made Jack think skin and all was gone by the board, continuing to repeat the question, "do I shave easy, sir?" Jack gravely replied, "Honest friend, to answer your question, you must first inform me what you are about; if you call it skinning, it is tolerable easy—but if you call it shaving, it's d—d hard."

A lady dying who was much given to scolding, particularly at servants, her husband caused an inscription to be put against his house, under which was the following common motto: *In calo quies.* The coachman asked the undertaker's apprentice the meaning of these words, and, on being informed it was *There is rest in Heaven*, answered, "Then I'm sure mistress beant there."

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